

And watch our vantage in this businesse,
We'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groomer indeed,
A grumling groomer, and that the girl shall finde.

Tra. Curst then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:

He tell you fir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after ma-
ny ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth
he, as if he had bene aboard carowing to his Mates af-
ter a storme, quaff off the Muscadell, and threw the sops
all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that
his beard grew thinn and hungerly, and seem'd to aske
him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the
Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a cla-
morous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did
eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and
after mee I know the rout is coming, such a mad mar-
riage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the min-
strels play.

Musicke plays.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Petr. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

Petr. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Petr. It cannot be.

Kate. Let me intreat you.

Petr. I am content.

Kate. Are you content to stay?

Petr. I am content you shall intreat me stay,
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kate. Now if you loue me stay.

Petr. *Gremio*, my horse.

Gre. I fir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the
horses.

Kate. Nay then,

Do what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open fir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, He not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a lolly surly groomer,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Petr. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kate. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. I marry fir, now it begins to worke.

Kate. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Petr. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,

Carowe full measure to her maiden-head,

Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:

Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine owne,

Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household-stuffe, my field, my barne,

My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,

And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,

He bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in *Padua*: *Gremio*

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theues,

Rescue thy Mistrisse if thou be a man:

Fear not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,

He buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. & K.*

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. *(ing.)*

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh-

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Mistrisse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly married.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-

For to supply the places at the table, *(groom wants)*

You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,

And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to brideit?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gremio.

Gre. Fie, fie on all tired lades, on all mad Masters, &

all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man

so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to

make a fire, and they are coming after to warme them:

now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes

might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofof my

mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire

to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my

selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I

will take cold: Holla, ho *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gre. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou shalt

slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no

greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good

Curtis. Is my master and his wife coming *Gremio*?

Gre. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no

water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Gre. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou

know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it

hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my

selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gre. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

Curt. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot

and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,

or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand

(she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy

cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prethee good *Gremio*, tell me, how goes the

world?

Gre. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, &

therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my

Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Gremio*

the newes.

Gre. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as

wilt thou.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gre. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme

cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house

trim'd, tushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen

in their new suttian, the white stockings, and euery offi-

cer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire with-

in, the Gills faile without, the Carpers laide, and euerie

thing in order?

Curt. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gre. First know my horse is tired, my master & mi-

stris false out. *Curt.* How?

Gre. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby

hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't good *Gremio*.

Gre. Lend thine care.

Curt. Heere.

Gre. There.

Curt. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gre. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this

Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech list-

ning: now I begin, in primis we came downe a fowle

hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gre. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horse.

Gre. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me,

thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vn-

der her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a

place, how she was bemol'd, how hee left her with the

horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stum-

bled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off

me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd be-

fore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her

bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie

things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli-

uion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

Gre. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall

finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this?

Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Ioseph*, *Nicholas*, *Phillip*, *Walter*, *Su-*

ger and the rest: let their heads bee stickely comb'd,

their blew coats brush'd, and

rent knit, let them curtse with

presume to touch a haire of m

they kisse their hands. Are the

Curt. They are.

Gre. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you heare ho? you

to countenance my mistris.

Gre. Why she hath a face o

Curt. Who knowes not tha

Gre. Thou it seemes, that c

tenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to cre

Enter foure or five ser

Gre. Why she comes to bo

Nat. Welcome home *Gremio*.

Phil. How now *Gremio*.

Ios. What *Gremio*.

Nick. Fellow *Gremio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gre. Welcome you: how n

low you: and thus much for gr

companions, is all readie, and a

Nat. All things is readie, how

Gre. Ene at hand, alighted

not—Cockes passion, silence

Enter Petruchio and

Petr. Where be these knaues?

To hold my stirrop, nor to take

Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Ph*

All ser. Heere, heere fir, heere

Petr. Heere fir, heere fir, heere

You logger-headed and vnpolli

What? no attendance? no regar

Where is the foolish knaue I sen

Gre. Heere fir, as foolish as

Petr. You pezzant, swain, you h

Did I not bid thee meete me in

And bring along these rascal kn

Gremio. *Nathaniel's* coat fir

And *Gabrels* pumpe were all vi

There was no Linke to colour

And *Walters* dagger was not co

There were none fine, but *Adm*

The rest were ragged, old, and

Yet as they are, heere are they

Petr. Go rascals, go, and fete

Where's the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe *Ka*

And welcome. Soud, soud, foud

Enter seruants with

Why when I say? Nay good swe

Off with my boots, you rogues:

It was the Friar of Orders gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my

Take that, and mend the pluckin

Be merrie *Kate*: Some water hee

Enter one with water

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sir

And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* co

One *Kate* that you must kisse, an

Where are my Slippers? Shall I

Come *Kate* and wash, & welcom

you horson villaine, will you let